



Borealis



83 1 6

Chapter 1 by Eurydome

Darkness enveloped the boy, levitating him, turning and twisting and flipping him over and over. What felt like years, no, decades, was only just a few minutes. Slowly, soft salmon eyes fluttered open to absorb the light of the warm, pale sun.

Borealis, your average farmhand son, remembered everything happening to him within the next week. He ran his fingers through his short, messy lavender hair, reminding himself of the arranged wedding. In these times, a 17 year old boy like himself marrying a 15 year old girl like Adeline wasn't out of the ordinary. However, he didn't love her like she did him, and wasn't happy with the whole ordeal.

An idea occurred to him; what if he ran? Ran away, far, far away. Surely he could escape his nagging mother, his boasting father, and dear, foolish Adeline. He sat up on the rock where he slept a moment before. The bleating of his father's sheep and goats filled his ears. He grabbed his bag, stole some bread and a sack of water from the kitchen, and ran into the dense woodland. He'd heard the legends from travelers; the wood was a dangerous and mysterious place, full of witches, bears, lions, and werewolves. He was luckily armed with his long oak staff, a trusty weapon he had learned to fight with.

The staff was carved from the strongest limb of an old oak tree and given to him at the age of 10. He treasured it dearly.

Bo silently crossed small streams, large, split stones, and mossy caves.

The journey would be long, but worth it.

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Chapter 2 by Claire Regen

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The legend about the werewolves was a story of dogs that came out at night and feasted on travellers. Witches were hags who impersonated women to lure men to

their leirs. Lions were big cats and long fangs.

Bo climbed up some rocks covered in moss. He wasn't worried about the night creatures.

Unfortunately, he wasn't well prepared. The food he had would last Bo a day or so.

Borealis new that there was a small village a few miles away. Courtville. It had merchants, an inn, and a good blacksmith. Bo had been there once. *I will go there* he thought.

Little did he know, he would never make it to Courtville. The sun was setting, and the hounds made their loud cries already. *It's too early. The moon isn't even up!*

Then, a pair of almost glowing eyes approached him.

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